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The Twenty-fourth South Carolina at the Battle of Jonesboro.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ELLISON CAPERS.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT,
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS,
JONESBORO, GA., September 12th, 1864.

To Major B. B. Smith, A. A. G., *Gist's Brigade*:

MAJOR,—I submit herewith a report of the part borne by my regiment in front of Jonesboro on the afternoon of the 1st instant.

The brigade having been ordered from the left of the corps at 1 o'clock P. M. to the extreme right, was placed in position by the Lieutenant-General, in person, on the right, and east of the railroad. The left rested on the railroad cut, which, at that point, was some eight or ten feet deep, the formation of the brigade being in one rank. Our line ran through a thick undergrowth and wood near the railroad, and was entirely without fortifications. The Second battalion of Georgia Sharp-shooters, Major Whitely, occupied the left of the brigade, resting on the railroad cut, and the Twenty-fourth came next, the Sixteenth South Carolina next, and the Forty-sixth Georgia on the right.

Lieutenant-General Hardee directed me to make my position as strong as possible, and told me that he relied upon our brigade to hold the right of his line. The men climbed up the small trees, bent them over, and, using pocket-knives to cut across the trunks, succeeded in a half hour in making a first-rate abatis of little trees, interlaced thickly, and held by half their thickness to the stumps. Along my line I brought up rails and logs from the rear, and made a tolerable breastwork. As we were bent-back to cover the right of the corps, the direction of my line exposed us to an enfilade from the other side of the railroad cut, and to protect my companies against this I built traverses of logs on the left of my left companies. These proved our salvation. Rapid firing began in my front about 4 o'clock, and in a half hour my skirmishers came in, closely followed by the assaulting line of the enemy. The assault seemed directed mainly against the positions on the right and left of the railroad, and only reached to the centre of the Twenty-fourth. It was handsomely repulsed—Major D. F. Hill directing the fire of the companies on the left with splendid effect.

Again, at $5\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, the enemy moved forward along the entire front of the Twenty-fourth. I fired by rank, and rapidly, and the movement was checked. But on the west side of the railroad the firing was heavy and the fighting continuous, and I soon saw that the position on that side had been carried—the enemy occupying the works.

Unfortunately the battalion of sharp-shooters was retired just at this moment, without orders from brigade headquarters, and the enemy promptly moved up on our side and occupied Whitley's works, and fired wildly over my left, now protected by my traverses. During this fire Hill was killed, and many of our men wounded.

An assault being made from the front, Companies B, Lieutenant Easterling, G, Lieutenant Beckham, and K, Lieutenant Siegler, were driven from my left, after a gallant stand. Beckham being nearest me, I ordered him to rally his company at once and retake his place before it would be too late. He responded with his usual gallantry, and, assisted by yourself and my Adjutant, Lieutenant Holmes, I rallied my men and we retook our position—occupying the traverses on the left.

For the gallant assistance offered by yourself and by Lieutenants Holmes, Beckham and Easterling in effecting this I feel myself greatly indebted.

Seeing the urgent necessity of driving the enemy from the posi-

tion of the sharp-shooters, which brought them right on us, Major Smith and Lieutenants Beckham and Easterling charged them with companies "B" and "G," and after a close fight drove them entirely out of our works; meanwhile, Major Whitely brought up his battalion and reoccupied his position on the railroad cut. Companies "B," "G" and "K" now resumed their place in line and the firing lulled, the enemy in my front retiring to the bottom of the hill.

While we were fighting on the left Lieutenant-Colonel Jones directed the firing of the centre and right of the 24th, and repulsed every assault of the enemy.

It is to be noted that the assault did not reach the two regiments to the right of mine, and that the heaviest attack was on my left, and at the railroad. The firing of the enemy, for the most part, was wild and entirely over us. I attributed this to the confusion in his advance and attack, caused by our abatis; for there was no lack of spirit in his assault. Our small loss in killed is attributed to this wild firing on the enemy's part.

From our prisoners we learned that the troops assaulting us belonged to General Jeff. Davis's division. I have counted over 200 graves in our front, most of them marked. The battle began about 4½ P. M. and lasted until dark. At midnight the Lieutenant-General in person, with his staff, rode up to our position, and did me the honor to return his thanks for our conduct, and gave directions for our retirement. In a half hour after, by the order of the Colonel commanding the brigade, the 24th marched out from our position, and in advance of the brigade reached Lovejoy by daylight and went to work at once on the new line formed there.

In the action at Jonesboro the regiment sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Major D. F. Hill. He fell while endeavoring to arrest the retirement of the sharp-shooters on my left, shot through the heart by one of the enemy behind our works. A cool, brave man and a good soldier, Major Hill's loss is deplored by every man and officer of his regiment.

I beg to note especially the gallant conduct of Major B. B. Smith, Assistant Adjutant General; of my Adjutant, Lieutenant Holmes, and of Lieutenants Easterling and Beckham and Seigler, who gave me every assistance, and in the most handsome manner rallied and led the men in our hard fight to retake the position we at first lost.

With the greatest satisfaction I report the conduct of the officers

and soldiers of the 24th South Carolina volunteers in the engagement as meriting the highest approval.

Respectfully submitted,

ELLISON CAPERS,
Colonel 24th South Carolina Volunteers.

Reminiscences of the Siege of Vicksburg.

By Major J. T. HOGANE, of the Engineer Corps.

PAPER NO. 3—(CONCLUSION).

Nearly every evening about dusk there would be a cessation of firing by the sharp-shooters. Then the banter of the men on both sides would commence, and perhaps truces were made to meet outside of the works. One moonlight night I asked who the officer was in front, and after telling me his name, he invited me to a conference. We met in a ravine about one hundred feet from our line and talked faster in a given time than four men could have talked under less exciting conditions. This officer whose kindness I acknowledge, tendered me his note-book to write a letter to my wife, who over two years before, I had left in St. Louis. She answered it by way of a "flag of truce" and I got her letter in Richmond afterwards. Johnny Reb and Jonathan Fed had many a set-to, to see who could say the funniest things, or who could outwit the other in a trade, which generally ended by a warning cry, "going to shoot, Johnny."

There never was an instance during the whole siege that advantage was taken by either side during these short truces, made extra-official by the men themselves. From day to day the privates on the outside excited our curiosity by hints that in a short time they would blow the very foundations of the city into the air. They made it an open secret that when they got ready, two hundred cannon, opened on us, all at the same time, would make "Rome howl," at which the insides sneered.

The night before the guns opened—for it was no idle boast our opponents had been making—I was engaged raising the epaulette of a twenty-four pound smooth bore, with a detail worn out to the last stage of usefulness. One boy laid down on the ground, telling his sergeant that he *could not* lift his spade, much less dirt. The sergeant reported him to me as insubordinate, so I went to see what was the matter. The boy frankly said he was starving, and

his pale face, seen in the light of the moon, told the truth more emphatically than his voice. I thought of that boy's mother, away off in the hills of Alabama, that perhaps at that moment was praying for the life of her child, whose right foot edged the grave, and that was awaiting the order to forward march from the King of the shadowland. I had a hard biscuit in my pocket that had lain there for the coming hour, when we were to cut our way out. I placed it in his hand. He looked at it, and at me, then burst into a flood of tears, and whispered faintly, "Is this for me?" I never saw him more, but I hope that fair-faced boy reached home to give the warm gratitude of his heart to the mother he spoke so lovingly about. Before we got through raising the battery a round of shots from artillery drove us to the protection of the fortification we had been strengthening, and then for hours the cannonading was terrific in its energy. Over the work we were in, shell burst in rapid succession, with a horrid din and concussion of the air that seemed to tear the breath out of the hearers.

It did not prevent some of the men, who had been working, from going to sleep. They lay back on the hard plank floor, on which the gun carriage traversed, and, with a great look of "*ennui*," closed their eyes, heedless of danger, glory, or any other sentiment other than that of repose. The fusilade of the heavy guns could be traced all around the fire-environed force of the south, and by an odd association of ideas in the rise and fall of sound, brought to mind the regular chimes of the church bells of a city. Old Bones, a steed that I had tied to a six-pound enfilading field-piece, shook his tail at the splintering of the shells as Tam O'Shanter's mare did at the Wharlocks. After an hour's waiting for the fire to cease, I cut his cogitations short by mounting him and defying sharp-shooters and shells, making for camp, to save my share of mule soup and peabread. My camp was in the grounds of a castlelated building on the south side of the city, a real place of security from all the cannonading going on. Under the shelter of a raised earth terrace my tent was an ark of refuge. A pallet and blanket, a piece of mulesteak, a drink of molasses beer, sour as vinegar, some pea-meal, flour bread, that could easily have been palmed off as first-class bird lime, and five or six hours of dreamless sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer;" a report in person made to engineer headquarters in the afternoon, a report to Major-General Smith, commanding the line at 5 o'clock P. M., an active duty laying out and rebuilding earthworks destroyed during the day by the enemy, and it will be a fair representation of the

daily routine of the engineer's work, to whose judgment and skill the efficiency of the earthworks of Vicksburg were entrusted. The narrow escapes they made, the strategems of war they invented to meet existing difficulties, the strong spell that the word duty wrought in them to replace weariness, sickness, and a desire for death, rather than the life of the moment, does not strike the enthusiasm of the masses like the brilliant charge into the vortex of death that a Federal officer made when he leaped, standard in hand, on to the walls of the battery in which so many Missourians were blown up. Yet the 15,000 men who lay secure behind the dirt lines, and the still greater number who lay outside, felt the result of the eternal vigilance of the few scientific men who, in season and out of season, gave unity and design to the labors of the noble soldiers whose rest was little in that unfortunate city. A few days before the termination of the attack upon Vicksburg the vanity of a Major of artillery, who because of seniority was the chief of artillery on the line, caused me a narrow escape from the "sudden death" that the church reminds us every Sunday to pray against. He had sent a dispatch to Major-General Smith that the enemy was making a breach in the works, and asking that the engineer officer report to the works at once. It was sent to me by General Smith, with a request to go. As I had been on duty sixteen hours I refused, but Colonel Lockett persuaded me to go. Just above the courthouse on the river road I was shot in the thigh, but fortunately having the means at hand, and the minnie ball having touched no bone or artery, I had the wound dressed and rode on, reporting to Brigadier-General Vaughn at Fort Hill. There was nothing the matter with the works, so having plenty of time both General Vaughn and I expended an incalculable number of hard words on that soft artillery officer. He got the rheumatism, dug him a cave, and went to studying McMahon's fortification for the rest of the siege. The night preceding the surrender was the darkest I ever saw. I had just reported for duty in the rear of the works near the river; depressed in feelings, miserable and weak, an orderly handed me a dispatch and at the same time informed me that the Union soldiers were running mines under the stockade. He also told me that the Lieutenant of engineers placed there had been badly wounded. The post of danger being there, I literally felt my way over the sleeping soldiers, giving and taking impatient exclamations until I reached the stockade. Silently I went over the breastworks to find out the direction and extent of the work the enemy was engaged in prosecuting. On my knees,

and with ear to the ground I listened for the sappers and miners as they, mole-like were running passages under the breastworks.

To my gratification I found that they were still about six feet from our works. I went to the sap of one of the mines and looked down on a private passing back dirt from the mine, but not caring to make closer acquaintance, I deftly backed out and landed on our side of Jordan.

The nine mines the Yankees were working in had got so far along that I put my details to work cutting a deep ditch (at the end next our works) at right angles to their direction with the object of making the line of least resistance upwards through the ditch instead of under the stockaded breastworks. And, after doing this, still having time I commenced making a counter mine over each of these mines. So close and so loud was the sound of the miners' work that it was with difficulty I could keep the men at work, only doing so by making frequent changes of men. I had sent for fuses several times and waiting in the ditch to tamp a fuse preparatory to blowing up the counter mine, when Colonel Scott looked down at me and stated that it was no use, we were surrendered; that commissioners had been out all night to agree upon terms. This was the end of the extraordinary wise movement to prevent the opening of the Mississippi river. It was a death blow to the unity of action of the southern armies.

The whole siege was a farce so far as it meant a bloody and determined defense of the fortified position of Vicksburg. No large supplies of provisions had been accumulated inside of the works, munitions of war were scarce, and when Grant gave Pemberton Hobson's choice of surrendering on the 4th of July or a fight, he put on his little airs, but threw up the sponge on the natal day of the republic. Taking Colonel Scott's advice I did not fire the mine, but went down to the lower city. On my way I heard the rapid gallop of horses, and on looking behind me saw General Grant and staff, and at the tail end of the staff Fred. Grant in his shirt sleeves. General Grant's dark face, with its short, black, stubby beard, gave me the impression at the time that it was the face of a just but determined man. The moment I saw it I felt that our men would be treated well, that the mean, petty spite of the non-combatant leaders of the North would have no influence with him. Subsequent events proved the quality of the man, for he ordered a distribution of provisions

without stint or measure. Sacks of Lincoln coffee were given to the boys—a peace measure—for it was a piece of pure good luck to get a quantity of the Arabian bean. As he had 22,000 pounds of Confederate bacon to draw on, he also gave us bacon to butter our flour bread with. So, for this and other reasons, Grant was praised among the Confederates in a quiet way. It took about a week to fix up our parole papers, when we bid farewell to Vicksburg, with Jackson as our objective point. Just beyond Pearl river, General Pemberton informed me that he had just got complete returns of the killed and wounded. Six hundred killed sunk into my mind but the number wounded I don't remember. How many died in the hospital under Yankee care he never knew. They had better have died on a field of victory, like Wolf on the plains of Abraham, with the ecstatic feeling, "They run," sounding to their dying senses.

It would be ill grace if, before finishing the story of Vicksburg's seige, warm praise was not given to the heroic brave men who endured the hardships of the fifty-eight day and night fight; the desperate assaults made by the Federals on the slight entrenchments behind which they couched, half starved, yet full of the fire of battle. This hurling of iron balls from the throats of 200 cannon, and filling the air with minnie balls aimed with deadly effect against these men who occupied the sand rifle pits and lunettes of Vicksburg, attested both the power of the paternal government attacking and the solid bravery of the defensive force. The thunder of cannon, the sharp shriek of the rifle's leaden messenger, the threats of death that the thirteen-inch bombs continually kept up as they coursed in curves through the air, the spattering of shrapnell, the quick explosion of shells tearing and crushing through the houses, the sudden death of a companion, the pale, hunger-pinched faces around them, had no effect on the nerves of the men who talked openly, "No surrender." Hunger weakened them, sleepless nights and watchful days were their portion, rats, peameal, mulesteak, and old horse their food, yet they ever responded to the call of duty, either to fight or for fatigue service. It was amusing to hear the trades proposed by the outside to the inside, or by the rebels to their fat brethren who were so jealously keeping them from going astray. The leading articles of barter were coffee for tobacco, newspaper for newspaper, but there was a great deal more talk than trade, and the chaffing generally ended in assertions on one hand that they were coming over soon, and an invitation on the other hand to come to

dinner and they would have a fresh mule cooked. Declining with thanks, the boys in blue went to their camp to full meals, to camp stories of flood and field, to tender readings of letters from wife, family or sweetheart, and, owing to numbers, light fighting when put on duty. Behind those yellow streaks of sand that faced them they saw not the lank figure that an hour before had thrown back to them the quirk of wit. Let us, who are on the inside, look at that sentinel standing motionless on guard, or that one wrapped in his coarse torn blanket laid in the trenches; the finger of death has crossed his forehead, drawing the hollow cheeks to closer lines, shrinking all but the unbending soul that is in command. Scan them all, the ones standing by the grim tubes of iron, shotted or shelled for use in the next charge; the ones tossing restlessly on the hospital pallets, torn and mangled out of shape; the boy who, unable to lift the sand on his spade to build up a battery, yet apologizes for his inability by laying it to hunger and not to want of will; and dare any one say that these were men who ought not to be respected—whose eyes said plainly, we are soldiers. I say God bless those that are alive, and those who have cast off the soldierly accoutrements of life to take upon themselves the duties of a better existence. Either alive or dead they deserve the loving praise of the South, the acknowledgments of the North that the crown of bravery was the standard and emblem under which they fought. The common things of to-day are the history of to-morrow, so in putting into words my recollections of what came under my eye in Vicksburg, I hope it will incite others of my comrades to put upon the plane of record their impressions of events and actions on other parts of the fire-encircled rim that enclosed the City of the Hills. The Blues have had their say for twenty years. They have stiffened history by crowding too many of their heroes on its pages. Let the Grays shake the dust from the past and lovingly limn the great ones who led and were led in not only the field of Vicksburg but on other fields where glory was won or the right to wear the spurs of knighthood maintained. The soldiers of both sides will like it. The brave men on both sides, when the order for stacking arms was given, gave hands and kind greetings to each other; it was the weaklings and vicious that enlisted for the war when the bullets ceased to rustle the air, and that like spiteful cats want to still continue the fight from opposite housetops.

A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns.*By Major E. T. SYKES, of Columbus, Mississippi.***PAPER NO. 3.****RETREAT FROM MURFREESBORO.**

On the 4th day of January, 1863, the Confederate army fell back and took up winter quarters at Shelbyville and Tullahoma. While there General Joe Johnston was sent out by the Department to investigate and report upon the operations and discipline of the army. He found both satisfactory, and so reported.

RETREAT OUT OF TOWN.

In June following, to counteract a flank movement on the part of Rosecrans, Bragg commenced a retreat to and across the Tennessee to Chattanooga. The Federal commander, Rosecrans, and H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, had been in correspondence for some time prior, the latter urging the former to advance and attack Bragg, the former holding back and assigning, for reason, the impropriety of risking "two great and decisive battles at the same time," besides his general officers, including corps and division commanders, discouraged an advance at that juncture. Halleck, rebutting, stated that, as Johnston and Bragg were acting on interior lines, between his own and Grant's armies, and it was for theirs, and not the Federal commander's interest, to fight at different times, so as to use the same force in turn against Rosecrans and Grant, his cherished military maxim, not to risk "two great decisive battles at the same time," was not applicable—and at the same time warning him of the other and more truthful military maxim, "councils never fight."

To these persuasive arguments, accompanied with the assurance of the constantly growing complaint and dissatisfaction, not only in Washington, but throughout the country, Rosecrans yielded, and on the 24th of June, commenced a series of movements with the view of creating the impression of a main advance on our center and left, in the direction of Shelbyville, whilst he would strike the decisive blow by a rapid march, in force, upon our right, and after defeating or turning it, to move on Tullahoma, and thereby seize

upon our base and line of communication from that point. In furtherance of that design he moved upon and took possession of Liberty and Hoover's Gaps, which gave to him a commanding position, and he had only to advance, as he soon afterwards did, to Manchester and Winchester, to accomplish the flank movement on our right at Tullahoma, and cause Bragg to retreat, which was consequently at once begun.

BRAGG AT CHATTANOOGA.

On reaching Chattanooga, Bragg fortified his position and threw up defensive works at points along the Tennessee river as high as Blythe's Ferry. But the enemy, in overwhelming force* having a passage of the river at various points† and seizing important gaps, and threatening Chattanooga by the pass over the point of Lookout Mountain, Bragg was again forced to retreat,‡ and on the morning of the 9th Crittenden's corps occupied Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, while Rosecrans, with the remainder of the army, pressed forward through the passes of the Lookout Mountain, threatening Lafayette and Rome, Georgia.§

Thus Rosecrans realized the explosion of his pet theory of not risking two decisive battles at one time, because he had accomplished his aim, and at the same time Grant had reduced Vicksburg.

The government at Washington deemed it all important to their arms that the success of Rosecrans should be utilized and his position, at all hazards, maintained. To effect this, and to prevent a flank movement on Rosecrans's right flank, through Alabama, General Halleck at once sent telegrams to Generals Burnside, in East Tennessee; Hurlburt, at Memphis; Grant, or Sherman, at

* Rosecrans's effective force of infantry and artillery amounted to fully 70,000 men, divided into five corps, whilst Burnside, who at the same time was advancing from Kentucky towards Knoxville, East Tennessee, had an estimated force of 25,000. By the timely arrival of two divisions from Mississippi, our effective force, exclusive of cavalry, was 35,000. (Official report of the battle of Chickamauga, by General Bragg, page 1.)

† The main force crossed at Carpenter's Ferry, the most accessible point from Stevenson. (*Ib.* page 3.)

‡ The enemy, by a direct route, was as near our main depot of supplies as we ourselves were, and our whole line of communication was exposed, whilst he was positively secured by mountains and the river. (*Ib.* page 3.)

§ Dalton was also threatened. (*Ib.* page 3.)

Vicksburg; also to General Schofield, in Missouri, and Pope, in command of the Northwestern Department, to hasten forward to the Tennessee line every available man in their departments, and the commanding officers in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, were ordered to make every possible exertion to secure General Rosecrans's line of communication. And learning that Longstreet had been ordered to Bragg, Meade was ordered to attack General Lee, at least to threaten him, so as to prevent him from sending off any more troops. In the meanwhile Thomas's corps,* while in the act of passing one of the gaps leading from McLemore's Cove, enclosed between Lookout and Pigeon Mountains to Alpine's, in Broomtown valley, where lay McCook's corps, he was suddenly confronted by a portion of our forces under General Hindman,† which compelled his hasty retreat. This sudden show of strength excited uneasiness and doubt in the mind of Rosecrans. He could not decide whether it evinced a purpose to give battle, or a movement to secure a safe retreat.‡ But he gave the benefit of the doubt to the former contingency, and commenced a backward movement, with orders to close on the center, and Crittenden, at Gordon's mills, to be put in good defensive position.

M'LEMORE'S COVE.

To return for a moment to McLemore's Cove, General Bragg had sent General Hindman to attack Thomas in flank and rear, whilst he would move up the mountain in force from Lafayette and attack in front;§ the attack in front to commence when the guns of Hindman

*One division of one brigade of Thomas's corps, about 8,000 men. (General Bragg's letter to me dated February 8th, 1873.)

†Hindman's force was composed of his own and Rucker's, 10,922 men, and Martin's cavalry, about 500, besides a force of two divisions—Cleburne's and Walker's—at least 8,000 more, immediately in the enemy's front, with orders to attack as soon as Hindman's guns were heard on the flank and rear. (General Bragg's letter, February 8th.)

‡It was not a retreat, but a movement by Bragg to meet the enemy in front whenever he should emerge from the mountain gorges. He put his army in position from Lee & Gordon's mills to Lafayette, on the road leading south from Chattanooga and fronting the east slope of Lookout Mountain. (General Bragg's report, page 4.)

§See General Bragg's letter to me of February 8th, also letters of Generals Patton, Anderson, and W. T. Martin, furnished to me by General Bragg, and on file.

were heard in the rear. His guns were not heard by us on the mountain, and consequently the "golden opportunity of bagging that portion of the enemy," as tritely remarked by ex-Governor Harris of Tennessee (then volunteer aid on General Bragg's staff), was lost to us. For this blunder or failure of General Hindman's he was soon relieved from command.*

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

On the evening of the 18th September General Pegram, of cavalry, having reported the enemy in force at the river (Chickamauga), Walthall's brigade, which was leading the advance, was formed in line of battle and ordered to advance and take possession of the bridge and ford, which was done; the enemy, after a brisk encounter, retiring without wholly destroying the bridge. Speedily repairing the bridge, the army crossed over, camped for the night, and next morning moved forward a short distance, formed in line of battle as each successive division came up, and gave battle to the enemy upon the ever-memorable field of Chickamauga.

The army was now divided into two corps or wings,† the right commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk, the left wing by Lieutenant-General Longstreet. From its inception to its close the battle was furious, but had the orders of General Bragg to General Polk, issued on the night of the 19th, to move on the enemy at daylight, the remainder of the army to await his advance and to move forward when he (Polk) had become engaged, been carried out, it is believed that the results of that battle, glorious and welcome as they were, would have been made more glorious.‡ But as it resulted, the anxious anticipations of the morning's first gun had to be indulged until the humored delay reached long past the day's sunrise,§ for

*See the charges and specifications preferred by General Bragg against this officer, copies of which are in my possession.

†This division of the army did not take place until the night of the first day's fight, when General Longstreet reached the army from Ringold and a council of war was held. His corps, consisted of five (5) small brigades, about 5,000 men, effectives, infantry (no artillery), and reached us in time to participate in the action—three (3) of them on the 19th, and two (2) more on the 20th. (General Bragg's report, page 19)

‡General Bragg says in his letter of February 8th, if Polk had carried out his orders "our independence might have been gained."

§It was 10 o'clock A. M. before General Polk made the attack. (General Bragg's letter, February 8, 1873.)

which falterings General Polk was a few days thereafter removed from the command of his corps.*

It may be just and proper to state here that some assign as a reason why Polk did not move and attack as ordered, was that he ascertained that Longstreet's right lapped his (Polk's) left front, and to have advanced would have resulted in the slaughter of our own men.† But to a military mind this cannot operate as a sufficient excuse, because the danger apprehended could have without delay been obviated by proper instructions to his skirmish line and due notification to the troops in his front of his approaching columns.

ENEMY'S RETREAT TO CHATTANOOGA.

On the morning of the 21st September, the enemy having the night previous commenced his retreat to Chattanooga,‡ Bragg moved rapidly forward, preceded by General Forrest and his troopers, who were sorely pressing and harrassing the retreating foe, that night reached Missionary Ridge and commenced fortifying.§ All the passes of Lookout Mountain, which had been in possession of the enemy since our abandonment of Chattanooga during the month previous, and which covered his line of supplies from Bridgeport, were now regained by us.

WHEELER'S CAVALRY SENT TO ENEMY'S REAR.

To cut off their supplies and force them, if possible, to evacuate Chattanooga, Wheeler with his cavalry was ordered to ford the Tennessee and destroy a large wagon train known to be in the Sequatchie Valley on its way to Rosecrans, which was done, besides capturing McMinnville and other points on the railroad, making his retreat out of Tennessee by fording the river at Decatur, Ala., and

*See the charges and specifications preferred by General Bragg against this officer, copies of which are in my possession. Also, General Bragg's reasons, telegraphed to the President at Richmond, October 1, 1863, from near Chattanooga, likewise in my possession.

†General Polk's assigned reasons for his delay appears in part in the reports of his subordinate commanders, but were not satisfactory to the Commanding General. (General Bragg's official report of the battle, p. 21.)

‡ See the official report of the battle, p. 24.

§As to the results and consequences of this battle, read the concluding part of General Bragg's report.

thus almost completely cutting off the supplies of Rosecrans's army. We occupied the entire south side of the river, from Lookout to Bridgeport; and as the latter place, with Stevenson, was supplied from depots at Nashville and Louisville by a single railroad, and the river road on the north side rendered unsafe by the unerring fire of our sharp-shooters, it necessitated the hauling of supplies by the enemy a distance of sixty miles over mountains, which placed the Federal army almost in a starving condition. But Grant, with heavy reinforcements, having in the meantime arrived and assumed command, and Longstreet having been detached to operate against Burnside in East Tennessee,* began to put a new phase on the issue involved.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Throwing a heavy column under Hooker to the south side of the river by means of floating pontoons, and fortifying at the mouth of South Chickamauga, then bridging that and the Tennessee rivers, and under cover of the darkness cutting off our entire picket line, consisting of the Twenty-seventh Mississippi, under the command of Colonel Campbell,† they had reached midway the mountains, when the ever-watchful, gallant, and chivalric Walthall, who with his brigade was stationed at the point, observed them and commenced to give them battle. Failing to obtain from General J. K. Jackson, then in command of Cheatham's division, the needful reinforcements, although staff officer after staff officer had been sent for that purpose, Walthall, after a most obstinate and bloody resistance, was forced to yield the Mountain, falling back to the Ridge;

*For the reasons for sending General Longstreet into East Tennessee, instead of General Breckinridge, see General Bragg's letter to me of February 8, 1873. Governor Benjamin G. Humphries, at that time commanding a brigade (Barksdale's) in General Longstreet's corps, once told me in the presence of General Stephen D. Lee, at the residence of Mr. James T. Harrison, that he concurred with General Bragg in attributing the capture of Lookout Mountain by Hooker to the disobedience of orders by Longstreet. General Bragg had ordered him to occupy Sand Mountain, I think it was, with a division and hold it at all hazards. Instead of placing a division there, which would have held it against the possible assaults of any force, he only sent one brigade (McLaw's or Jenkins's, South Carolina), and consequently not only was that position carried by Hooker, but it opened the way for him to join Grant in Chattanooga.

† Hooker's corps, which Longstreet had permitted to obtain a lodgment on Lookout Mountain.

and Hooker, on the night of the 25th of November, occupied it and placed himself in communication with Thomas's right.

In that engagement the enemy's batteries at Moccasin Bend, just across from the point, not only threw grape and canister midway up the mountain, but easily threw shot and shell over the point, a distance of over 2,000 yards in altitude, whilst our guns at the point of the mountain were rendered useless against the enemy on account of the utter impossibility of giving them the necessary depression.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Thus General Bragg was threatened on both flanks and a heavy line of battle in his front. To hold his line of railroad was all-important. Hooker's force on the mountain could be distinctly seen. To oppose him and resist the threatenings of the enemy, Bragg reinforced his right heavily, leaving, as he reasonably supposed from the natural strength of the position, enough to hold his left and centre. The first attempts of the enemy on the evening of the 25th under Sherman were unsuccessful for a time, but finally he was enabled to take two hills (the third he several times tried, but was repulsed), and then he moved around as if to gain Bragg's rear, when the latter began to mass against him. Both sides, appreciating the importance of the deal, played each for a winning hand with eyes fixed steadily on his opponent, until finally Hooker moved his columns along the Rossville road towards General Bragg's left, and thus forced the latter to reinforce his left still more at the hazard of his centre. It was then that Thomas advanced the "Army of the Cumberland," and succeeded in taking the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge, and rushing headlong to the crest of the ridge amid a storm of shot and shell, drove us in confusion from the field.* The victory was as great to the enemy as the blow was severe to our cause. But a few days before, and we had the enemy at the point of starvation; either that or its alternative, a surrender. Now that he had been overwhelmingly reinforced, and by armies flush with recent victories, he had given us battle and won the day. It was a

*Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds's (this officer recently died in the service of the Khedive of Egypt) brigade of East Tennesseans were the first to give way, and could not be rallied. (General Bragg's letter of February 8th, 1873.) At the time this brigade broke, Hardee was far down the plains in advance of his works, rapidly driving Sherman. It was with difficulty that he was extricated.

desperate alternative, and equally desperately accepted.* He succeeded, and, tested by the measure of military rules, was justly entitled to wear the plume of victory. Whether or not he won it by superior forces, or by superior military skill, it was none the less a victory—a victory that made for its hero a name in the military annals of this country second only to the immortal Lee—a victory that secured for him the high and exalted rank of General of the Army, and finally President, for two terms at least, of the United States.

**Official Report of Colonel George William Logan, on the Engagement
Between the Federal Gunboats and Fort Beauregard, on the 10th and
11th May, 1863.**

HEADQUARTERS, FORT BEAUREGARD,
HARRISONBURG, LA., May 18, 1863.

Captain:

At 7 o'clock on the evening of the 9th instant, my picket boat, from Trinity, brought me a communication from Mr. R. G. Smith, one of my scouts, at Major Beard's, on Black River, bearing date 3 P. M. that day, informing me that two Federal gunboats were near that place, proceeding up the river.

At 10 o'clock P. M., the same day, I received a communication from Lieutenant Stone, of Captain Purvis's company, to the effect that our scouts opposite Alexandria had obtained information that four gunboats had left that place for the avowed purpose of capturing Fort Beauregard.

At 4 o'clock A. M., on the 10th instant, G. Spencer Mayo, whom I had appointed, by your orders, Provost Marshall, at Trinity, and Superintendent of Scouts on Black River, brought me further information that four gunboats had laid up the night previous four miles above Major Beard's. The officers of the gunboats stated, at Major Beard's, that they were to coöperate with a large land force for the capture of Fort Beauregard.

Major Harrison having just reported here for duty with his battalion of cavalry, and he himself being absent, Captain Purvis, senior Captain of the battalion, was ordered to dispose of his forces

* General Bragg says in his letter of February 8th: "Grant was so reduced that he could not recross the mountains, for his troops could not be fed and his animals were already starved. He could not move twenty pieces of artillery."

in such manner as to check the advance of the land forces, and to bring intelligence of their approach. I had previously built a line of bonfires along the banks of the river, which were to be ignited by Captain Purvis's pickets in case the boats attempted to pass at night. I also called upon Captain Purvis for an additional guard for the fort, to serve as infantry.

To Captain Thomas O. Benton, commanding Bell's battery, I assigned the command of all the artillery on the fort, and to Captain William B. Spencer, Company F, Eleventh Louisiana battalion, I assigned the command of all the infantry. Lieutenant A. R. Abercrombie, Superintendent of Heavy Artillery Drill, personally inspected the management of the heavy artillery during the action, and Lieutenant J. D. Girtman, the light artillery, the fire of which was very effective.

All the heavy artillery were manned by Captain Spencer's company of infantry, which had been drilling for some time in heavy artillery, commanded by Lieutenants C. C. Duke, D. Castleberry and A. D. Parker.

This disposition of the troops having been made, and all being in readiness, on the receipt of the first intelligence the long roll was beaten, and the troops, with spirit and enthusiasm, awaited the attack of the enemy.

All the government stores were moved to the large commissary in the fort, and the few remaining citizens notified to leave the town. Officers and men laid on their arms all Saturday night, a vigilant guard being kept.

At daylight, Sunday, 10th instant, the smoke from the gunboats was in sight, but the boats themselves did not appear before 1 o'clock that day. They were the iron-clad Pittsburg, the Arizona, General Price, and ram Switzerland. They rounded the bend two miles distant, and proceeded up the reach in line of battle to a point a mile and a half from the fort.

Not wishing to throw away a single shot, I took position in the lower casemate and issued orders that fire should not be opened until the lower gun was fired as a signal. Just when we expected the boats to open fire, a yawl bearing a flag of truce was observed approaching the fort. Anticipating that its object was to demand the surrender of the fort, I deputized Captain Benton and my Adjutant, Lieutenant James G. Blanchard, to meet the yawl, with instructions, in case of such a demand, to respond that "we would hold the fort forever."

The deputation proceeded to a point a mile below the fort, where it met the yawl. Lieutenant Faulks, bearing the flag of truce, stated that Commodore Woodworth, commanding the fleet, demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort; and, in case the demand was not acceded to, we would be allowed *one* hour to move the women and children out of the town. The deputation replied as they had been instructed, and stated that the women and children had already been removed. The yawl then returned to the gun-boats, and within a half hour their fire was opened on the fort. When this fire had continued about a half hour, the boats gradually approaching the fort, I sighted and fired the signal gun, as I then considered them within range. All our rifle pieces and heavy guns immediately opened fire, striking the boats several times, evidently with such effect that they dropped down some distance, when I immediately ordered a cessation of our fire. After keeping up their fire for some time, whilst out of our range, the boats began approaching the fort again. When within our range we re-opened our fire, and a close combat raged until $6\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock P. M., when the enemy retreated down the river, evidently crippled. They laid up during the night some four miles down the river. Our officers and men remained at their guns during the night, expecting that the boats would attempt to pass under cover of darkness; but they did not make their appearance until 11 o'clock next morning, when they renewed their attack more vigorously than the day previous, with only the iron-clad and two other gunboats, however. They approached nearer the fort, fired more briskly and accurately (striking the lower casemate alone six times), and exploded most of their shells in the fort. Our fire was most effective, striking the boats repeatedly and exploding rifled shells in their midst.

Captain Purvis, about this time, with a body of sharpshooters, proceeded down the river in the rear of an Indian mound near the boats, and, at the time when the decks were most crowded, opened fire upon them from ambush, and continued firing until they retreated, annoying them to such an extent that they shifted their guns and opened fire with grape and canister.

At about 2 o'clock the same day they retired, evidently much damaged, from the fact that quantities of broken timber from the wooden boats were found floating down the river. I also learned that eight men were buried from off the boats, at a point just above Trinity, and from their own statements there were some thirty or forty wounded on board.

I ordered Captain Purvis to direct Lieutenant Gillespie, of his company, to follow the boats down the river, and from him we learned that the boats passed out of Black River on the 12th instant.

On their way up they committed no depredations at Trinity except to take eighteen bales of cotton to strengthen their boats. As they retreated down the river they landed a force at Trinity, seized the merchandise and stores of the loyal citizens, appropriated such as they wanted, destroyed and threw into the river some one hundred barrels of salt and provisions, divided the goods among the poorer classes, with a view, no doubt, of ingratiating themselves in the friendship of the latter, and notified the citizens that upon their return they would burn the entire town if seventy-eight bales of cotton accumulated there, were removed. I proceeded down to Trinity on our picket boat, on the morning of the 12th instant, seized the cotton and brought it to the fort to strengthen our fortifications.

One of the boats was observed passing Trinity with one wheel disabled, and the general hammering on all the boats indicated considerable damage.

I would respectfully report, as the certain result of the fight, that the enemy were defeated in their attempt to take the fort—that they were repulsed, and returned down the river with a loss of eight killed and thirty or forty wounded.

Under the storm of shell rained upon us, damaging our parapets in many places, and exploding within the fort, my command behaved with great gallantry. To Captains Purvis, Berton and Spencer; to my Adjutant, Lieutenant Blanchard, and also to Lieutenants Abercrombie and Girtman, I am under obligations for their coolness and gallantry, and their untiring energy and activity throughout the two days' bombardment. Lieutenants Parker, Duke, Castleberry and Carter, have my thanks for their exertions at the guns, and the precision of their fire.

I regret to report that Lieutenant Carter was mortally wounded by a large fragment of shell while gallantly discharging his duties. Private Ford, of Spencer's company, was severely wounded in the arm, and two others slightly wounded. These were the only casualties on our side. G. Spencer Mayo and George H. Wells, of the Engineer Department, volunteered for duty, and did good service.

Great praise is due Lieutenant Buhlow, for having planned and executed this almost impregnable work. The nine and ten-inch rifled shells and heavy shot thrown at us failed in almost every

instance to penetrate the parapets and casemates, those entering and bursting on the terraplane having generally passed over the parapets.

Many houses in Harrisonburg have been sadly torn and damaged by the enemy's shells. * * * *

I have the honor to remain, Captain,

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

GEO. WM. LOGAN,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

To Captain S. B. Davis,

A. A. General, Sub District North La.

Who Fired the First Gun at Sumter?

LETTER FROM GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

I wish to correct an error which has almost passed into an historical fact. It is this: That Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, did not fire the first gun at Fort Sumter, but that Captain George S. James, of South Carolina, afterward killed when a Lieutenant-Colonel at Boonesboro', Md., did fire it.

The writer was a Captain of the South Carolina army at the time, and an Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General Beauregard. He now has before him a diary written at the time, and there can be no mistake as to the fact.

The summon for the surrender or evacuation was carried by Colonel Chesnut, of South Carolina, and Captain S. D. Lee. They arrived at Sumter at 2:20 P. M. April 11th.

Major Anderson declined to surrender, but remarked "he would be starved out in a few days if he was not knocked to pieces by General Beauregard's batteries." This remark was repeated to General Beauregard, who informed President Davis. The result was, a second message was sent to Major Anderson by the same officers, accompanied by Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, and Colonel Chisholm, of South Carolina. The messengers arrived at Sumter at 12:25 A. M. April 12th. Major Anderson was informed that if he would say that he would surrender on April 15th, and in the meantime would not fire on General Beauregard's batteries, unless he was fired on, he would be allowed that time; also that he would not be allowed to receive provisions from the United States authori-

ties. The Major declined to accede to this arrangement, saying he would not open fire unless a hostile act was committed against his fort or his flag, but that if he could be supplied with provisions before the 15th of April he would receive them, and in that event he would not surrender. This reply being unsatisfactory, Colonel James Chesnut and Captain S. D. Lee gave the Major a written communication, dated "Fort Sumter, S. C., April 12, 1861, 3:20 A. M.," informing him, by authority of General Beauregard, that the batteries of General Beauregard would open fire on the fort in one hour from that time.

The party, as designated, then proceeded in their boats to Fort Johnson, on James Island, and delivered the order to Captain George S. James, commanding the mortar battery, to open fire on Fort Sumter. At 4:30 A. M. the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and at 4:40 the second gun was fired from the same battery. Captain James offered the honor of firing the first shot to Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia. He declined, saying he could not fire the first gun. Another officer then offered to take Pryor's place. James replied: "No! I will fire it myself." And he did fire it. At 4:45 A. M., nearly all the batteries in harbor were firing on Sumter. Mr. Edmund Ruffin (who was much beloved and respected) was at the iron battery on Morris Island. I always understood he fired the first gun from the iron battery, but one thing is certain—he never fired the first gun against Fort Sumter. George S. James did. Nor did he fire the second gun. He may have fired the third gun, or first gun from the iron battery on Morris Island.

Yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE.

REPLY OF JULIAN M. RUFFIN.

The above extract having come to my notice, I desire to give the facts as to the part that Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, took in the firing on Fort Sumter. I have before me his journal, written at that time, and will copy what bears upon the subject:

"April 12, (1861).—Before 4 A. M. the drums beat for parade, and our company was speedily on the march to the batteries which they were to man. At 4:30 a *signal shell* was thrown from a mortar battery at Fort Johnson, which had been before ordered to be taken as the command for immediate attack, and firing from all the batteries bearing on Fort Sumter next began in the order arranged, which was that the discharges should be two minutes apart, and the

round of all the pieces and batteries to be completed in thirty-two minutes, and then to begin again. The night before, when expecting to engage, Captain Cuthbert had notified me that his company requested of me to discharge the first cannon to be fired, which was their 64-pound Columbiad, loaded with shell. Of course I was highly gratified by the compliment, and delighted to perform the service—which I did. The shell struck the fort at the northeast angle of the parapet. By order of General Beauregard, made known the afternoon of the 11th, the attack was to be commenced by the first shot at the fort being fired by the Palmetto Guard, and from the iron battery. In accepting and acting upon this highly appreciated compliment, that company had made me its instrument," &c.

The above, as written at that very time, would fully establish the fact that the first shot was fired by Edmund Ruffin, and it will be observed that the *signal* shot which he refers to at Fort Johnson at 4:30 A. M., is the same that S. D. Lee claims as the first shot at Fort Sumter at the same time (4:30 A. M.). Now the two might easily be confounded, and to prove that the one from the iron battery, fired by Edmund Ruffin, was actually the first gun on Fort Sumter, I will give comments of the press of that date.

The Charleston *Courier* said: "The venerable Edmund Ruffin, who as soon as it was known a battle was inevitable, hastened over to Morris Island, and was elected a member of the Palmetto Guard, fired the first gun from Stevens's iron battery. All honor to the chivalric Virginian! May he live many years to wear the fadeless wreath that honor placed upon his brow on our glorious Friday!"

From the Charleston correspondent of New York *Tribune*:

"The first shot from Stevens's battery was fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia. That ball will do more for the cause of secession in the Old Dominion than volumes of stump speeches."

The Charleston *Mercury* says the first gun fired from the iron battery off Cummings's Point was discharged by the venerable Edmund Ruffin. He subsequently shot from all the guns and mortars used during the action.

A Mobile paper had the following:

"*A Sublime Spectacle.*—The mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, pointed to her children and said, 'There they are.' With the same propriety can the 'Mother of States' point to her

children as the brightest jewels she possesses. At the call of patriotism they are not laggard in responding to it, and Virginia blood has enriched every battle-field upon American soil. And we thank God the spirit has not departed from her, but burns as brightly in the breasts of her children as in the days of her Washington and her Henry. But of the many bright examples that she has furnished of patriotism the most sublime is the conduct of the venerable Edmund Ruffin, whose head is silvered over by more than eighty winters, who, when the war-cloud lowered over the gallant city of Charleston, volunteered as a private, and with his knapsack on his back and musket on his shoulder tendered his services to South Carolina to fight against the aggression upon her rights. *It was his hand that pointed and fired the FIRST gun at Fort Sumter.* The world has pointed to the conduct of Cincinnatus, who, when his country was invaded by a hostile foe, left his plow in the furrow to take command of her forces, and after he had driven out the invader and restored his country to peace and prosperity, resigned his position and returned to his plow. By this one act he embalmed his memory in the breasts of his countrymen and of all patriots throughout the world. The conduct of Cincinnatus was not more patriotic than that of Edmund Ruffin, and side by side in the niche of fame will their names be recorded by every patriotic heart."

From the New York *Post*:

"*Shot and Hemp.*—A Charleston dispatch states that the 'first shot from Stevens's battery was fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia.' A piece of the first hemp that is stretched in South Carolina should be kept for the neck of this venerable and bloodthirsty *Ruffian*."

From the above quoted expressions it would indeed be impossible to conclude otherwise than that the first gun on Fort Sumter was shot by Edmund Ruffin, and that such should be recorded as an historical fact. In fact, the above from S. D. Lee is the first intimation of a doubt on this subject that has ever been brought to the notice of any of the descendants of Edmund Ruffin. To all who knew Edmund Ruffin it would have been useless to say more than that throughout his manuscript he speaks of it as a fact. To those to whom he was a stranger I would say that many more comments of the press of that date establish the same fact; those of the South being loud in his praise, and those of the North being still more vindictive.

A Narrative of Stuart's Raid in the Rear of the Army of the Potomac.

By RICHARD E. FRAYSER, formerly Captain on General Stuart's Staff and Chief Signal Officer of the Cavalry Corps Army Northern Virginia.

Near dawn on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart, with portions of the First Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Fitz Lee; Jeff Davis's Legion, Colonel W. T. Martin; Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, also a detachment of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, commanded at the time by Captain Utterback, of "Little Fork Rangers," Culpeper county, Colonel W. C. Wickham, who commanded the Fourth, was absent, owing to the fact of his having received a very severe and painful sabre wound shortly before, at the battle of Williamsburg, which rendered him unfit for active duty when the raid was made, and two pieces of Stuart's horse artillery, commanded by Lieutenant James Breathed, started from camp, near Richmond, with the intention of making a reconnaissance in rear of the Federal army lying at that time on both sides of the Chickahominy River and menacing the Confederate Capital. The White House, situated immediately on the banks of the Pamunkey River, was in possession of the United States forces, and was held and used as their base of operations. This point of the Pamunkey is navigable for both steamers and sailing vessels, and was admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was used. By an examination of a map of the Peninsula, the reader will perceive that the distance from the White House to where the strength of McClellan's army lay on the Chickahominy is about twelve miles. It will also give the reader a better idea as to the great peril in which Stuart placed himself after he began to penetrate the Federal lines, almost surrounded by navigable rivers and an alert enemy. The Richmond and York River railroad passed at that time, as it does now, through the narrow strip of land lying between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy, which afforded the Federals all necessary transportation, but was not properly guarded.

AN ENCOURAGING START.

Stuart was not only brave, but full of sagacity and vigilance. Before leaving camp he obtained some valuable information from scouts regarding the position and movements of the enemy and with respect to the condition of roads and fords. Little occurred of interest on the first day of the march, which was bright and sunny with the

foliage of the forest in full leaf, and everything apparently propitious for the expedition. The command moved on the Brook Church turnpike, in the direction of the Rappahannock River. Reaching Winston's farm, near Taylorsville, Stuart, with his command, bivouacked for the night. Near morning the firing of signal rockets announced the summons to horse, and every man was quickly in the saddle. It was conjectured by many of the command that Stuart was *en route* to unite his forces with General Jackson, in the Valley. But this notion was very soon dissipated by an attack on the enemy. Friday, the second day of the raid, opened with a cloudless sky, the air was soft and balmy and all nature had assumed a lovely aspect. In approaching Hanover Courthouse it was ascertained that it was in possession of the Federal cavalry. The pickets were driven in, and without stopping to make any resistance, the whole force retreated on the road leading to Hawes's shop. That daring leader, Colonel Fitz Lee, by a flank movement, made an effort to capture this command, but failed.

The enemy halted near Hawes's shop and formed in line of battle. But Fitz Lee very soon repulsed and scattered the Federals, who fled through forest and fields without much loss. It was there that Heros Von Borcke, formerly in the Brandenburgischen Dragoons, Prussian army, who had very recently arrived and was serving as volunteer aid on General Stuart's staff, first attracted attention by his gallant bearing as an officer. And soon thereafter he won the esteem of all who witnessed his soldierly conduct. Drawing an immense sabre he dashed forward in the midst of the charge upon the enemy. Some prisoners were captured in the skirmish and the Confederates hastened on in pursuit of the retreating Federals, who never halted until after crossing the Tappahannock, a small stream spanned by a bridge and within a short distance of Old Church.

Passing through a deep ravine where the country road is narrow, with high and precipitous banks on either side and fringed with laurel and pine, Stuart found massed upon the summit of the hill the whole of the Federal cavalry; it was here he met a most determined resistance. A piece of artillery was placed in position and the road was shelled, but this failed in dislodging the enemy. Stuart, desirous of carrying this point, speedily ordered W. H. F. Lee forward with the Ninth. The third squadron of this regiment was composed of the Essex Light Dragoons, Captain Latane, and the "Mercer County Cavalry," L. Walker commanding. Captain

Latane charged at the head of the squadron and met the advancing Federals. As the two bodies clashed the Federal commander shouted: "Cut and thrust," and the gallant Latane yelled: "On to them boys!" The Fifth United States Regulars fought splendidly but they could not long resist the Ninth, that struck them like a thunderbolt.

In this fight the brave and deeply lamented Captain Latane was killed while charging fifteen paces in advance of his squadron. The writer saw him after he fell in the road and while in the throes of death. A more daring and fearless spirit never drew sabre. Captain Royall, a gallant officer on the Federal side, was severely wounded. The defeat and rout of the enemy at this point placed Stuart in possession of an immense camp, abundantly supplied with commissary and quartermaster stores, many of which were carried off by the Confederates. The rest, together with a large number of superb new tents pitched in the field near the roadside, were consumed by fire. Old Church had now been reached and the Federal cavalry had retreated in the direction of the Chickahominy and Stuart had penetrated far into the lines of the enemy, where he had cause to expect a most terrific attack at any moment. But he was cool and defiant.

Calling Captain Richard E. Frayser, who subsequently became his chief signal officer and a member of his staff, General Stuart ordered him to take some men and go in advance of the column and report any movements of the Federals. Between Old Church and Tunstall's (the latter place is situated on the York River railroad), some army wagons, loaded with stores, were captured, also teamsters, horses, and mules belonging to them. As the command neared Tunstall's, Captain Frayser reported a squadron of Federal cavalry drawn up in line of battle in a field and near the county road. The officer in command had evidently obtained some information as to the approach of Stuart, and was on the *qui vive*. Taking a position in front of his command, he hailed Frayser and interrogated him as to what command he belonged. Captain Frayser, being fully aware of the perilous situation of the officer and his command, and in order to detain both for capture, responded that he belonged to the Eighth Illinois regiment, said to be the finest in the Federal service at that time. Now, this was a *ruse* to delay and entrap the Federal officer and his command, and came near proving successful. But this truce was abruptly broken by the officer casting his eyes quickly to the right and discovering Stuart at the head

of his column sweeping rapidly down upon him. He lost no time in giving the order, "Head of column to the right, wheel, march!" at the same time telling Frayser, in the most emphatic manner, to go to h—l with his Eighth Illinois regiment. He moved off in a state of consternation with his command hurriedly on the county road leading to the White House.

Lieutenant W. T. Robins, with a detachment of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, charged an infantry force, consisting perhaps of more than one hundred men, occupying and guarding Tunstall's. After a very sharp and stubborn resistance the whole of this force was captured, together with all the military stores of the place. Before reaching Tunstall's, Stuart sent the fourth squadron of the Ninth, under command of Captain Knight, consisting of the Lancaster cavalry and Lunenburg troop, with orders to destroy some large transports with valuable cargoes at Putney Ferry, on the Pamunkey River; also wagons. This was done in the most satisfactory manner, and they joined the column on its route. "Hab we got Richmond yet, boss?" asked a darkey, as he turned up his eye-ball in admiration of the cavalry; "if we ain't we soon shall, for McClellan and our boys is sure to fetch her!"

It was late in the evening of the second day's march when Stuart reached Tunstall's, and as this was a very important point he determined to inflict all possible injury upon the Federals. He halted his command and dismounted a large portion of it, although he was poorly prepared for the work before him. The cutting down of telegraph poles and tearing up of railroads without the proper implements is no holiday occasion. No sappers and miners accompanied Stuart on this expedition; so, in order to carry out his scheme of destruction, it became necessary for him to procure axes and picks from the neighboring farms, but the country had been so thoroughly pillaged by the Federals but few could be procured, and they were of the most inferior kind.

But with these the men went earnestly to work, and while engaged in it a train was discovered approaching from the direction of the Chickahominy, with troops, and but a short distance off. The daring raider, ever ready for any emergency, quickly placed a large number of men, armed with carbines, on either side of the railroad, and awaited in breathless silence for the train, which appeared as if reluctant to run the deadly gauntlet. It moved slowly, as if the Captain of the train designed stopping it. Now putting on a full head of steam, the train shot, with the rapidity of an arrow,

through the heavy and destructive fire along the railroad, and soon disappeared, going in the direction of the White House. Many of the troops on the train were killed, among them the engineer, who was shot by Captain W. D. Farley.

Stuart, being in a most perilous position, could not long occupy Tunstall's, for he was within a few miles of the Federal base, and not far removed from the head of McClellan's army. He had marched forty miles on this day, and had whipped and demoralized the enemy in every encounter. About twilight his column was again in motion on the road leading to Talleysville. The burning of the transports and wagons illuminated the Northern horizon and rendered it a grand spectacle for an hour or more after nightfall. Colonel W. H. F. Lee, after crossing the bridge spanning Black Creek, and who was in advance of the column, overtook an immense wagon train ascending Southern Branch Hill, which stretched out for miles on the road. Colonel Lee, fearing an ambuscade, dismounted his command, and threw out skirmishers on either side of the road, which was densely fringed with forest and undergrowth, but very soon discovered there was no guard with it. The wagons contained commissary and quartermaster stores of every kind, which fell like ripe fruit into the hands of the Confederates. The horses and mules were detached from the wagons and the latter, with all of their contents, were destroyed by fire. This was the most valuable capture made during this memorable raid.

Reaching Talleysville during the night, which is four miles from Tunstall's and about the same distance from the White House, Stuart halted for several hours, to rest and to put his column in proper shape. The raiders found some enterprising sutlers occupying Talleysville and carrying on a very profitable business, secure, as they supposed, from the Confederates. All of their stocks, consisting chiefly of nice edibles, were quickly confiscated, and the sutlers were mounted on horses and mules and informed that their destination was Libby Prison. This was a most opportune capture, for the men were nearly out of rations and just in the mood to appreciate such knick-knacks. At Talleysville Stuart struck the old stage road leading from Richmond to Williamsburg, over which a large portion of the Confederate army had retreated in the evacuation of the Peninsula. After marching a mile or more on this road the head of the column filed into one leading to Providence Forge, a princely estate, a portion of which is situated on the Chickahominy River.

At Sycamore Springs, a contiguous plantation lying immediately above the one just mentioned, and which was noted for its great hospitality in the olden time, is a private ford, where the cavalry leader designed crossing the Chickahominy with his command into Charles City county, for he had been informed by reliable scouts before leaving camp near Richmond that the river at this point was fordable. But owing to heavy rains having fallen this ford was not in a condition to give such relief as the great exigency of the case required. On the approach of Colonel W. H. F. Lee to the river he discovered an immense volume of water, which had overflowed its banks, rushing madly before him. This was, indeed, a most startling surprise to the leader of the Ninth. Here was an insurmountable barrier in the shape of a swollen river confronting him, with a powerful enemy menacing Stuart and his whole command with annihilation.

Captain Jones R. Christian, of the Third Cavalry Regiment, who accompanied Colonel Lee as guide, and who resided at Sycamore Springs, and was perfectly familiar with this locality and the ford, was unable to point out any relief, as he too was greatly disappointed in finding the river so high as to render it unfordable. This was, indeed, a most trying situation, but Lee determined on crossing the Chickahominy at this point at the peril of his life. After making a careful survey of the river and sounding the ford he, with others, plunged into the flood with the heads of their horses turned up stream. The effort to reach the opposite shore was a protracted one and came near resulting in the death of men and horses, for in swimming the river the feet of the latter became entangled in drift-wood and roots of trees. Lee recrossed the Chickahominy in the same manner and reported the scheme of swimming the river with the command as impracticable. The next scheme was to construct a bridge at this point, if possible. Axes and other implements were procured and large trees standing on the banks of the river were felled in such manner that the tops might reach the opposite shore and thus form a substantial bridge.

But as they fell the current swept them down the stream as if they were reeds. This mode of escape was now abandoned and everything looked gloomy for the Confederates. At this juncture Stuart arrived. With eagle eye he at once saw his dilemma. The writer followed him from the time he began his campaigns in the Peninsula until he was cut down at Yellow Tavern, but never saw him the least excited under fire or elsewhere. When Stuart reached the ford he never dismounted. He sat erect in his saddle and occasionally

caught hold of his long flowing beard, which was a habit of his when his schemes were not working smoothly. He did not long remain in this state of mind, for he very soon discovered a passage through which he and his whole command could escape. A mile or more below this ford on the Chickahominy, where the county road crosses the river leading from Providence Forge to Charles City Courthouse, were the ruins of Jones's bridge, which had been destroyed by fire by the Confederates when this portion of the Peninsula was evacuated. The abutments and a few of the piers were all that remained of the old bridge, which Stuart at once determined to rebuild.

Working parties were organized and began to tear down an old farm house which stood in a field near by, the timber of which suited admirably for the bridge. The great genius of Stuart was now fully evinced, and this was to be the grand achievement of the raid. Cæsar-like, no trouble could abate his ardor or in the slightest manner affect his great presence of mind. The style of the bridge did not resemble the celebrated one of Cæsar, over which youths sometime rack their brain, but it was of sufficient strength for all to pass safely to the Charles City side. This impromptu structure did not exist long after being used by the Confederates, for the reason that Rush's Lancers, with other Federal troops, had followed in hot pursuit and were threatening Stuart's rear. The torch was applied and the bridge was very soon consumed, which checked the advance of the enemy.

Among those who distinguished themselves in building the bridge, and whose names deserve to be recorded, are Captain R. Burke and Corporal Hagan, who worked earnestly from the time the bridge was begun until it was finished. Without the services of these officers the column would have been long and dangerously detained, as it was in close proximity to the enemy. Corporal Hagan is deserving of more than a passing notice for his labors and justly merits all the praise and encomiums that can be given him. The Corporal had won a name on the fields of Drainsville and Williamsburg for his coolness before the enemy, which had attracted the attention of Stuart, and he had already recommended him for promotion.

Stuart, while at the ford at Sycamore Springs, already mentioned, sent a dispatch by Mr. Turner Doswell, to General R. E. Lee, giving him some account of his progress and of the important captures he had made. Mr. Doswell had to pass through the Federal lines, and he came near being taken prisoner. Stuart hurried on

after reaching Charles City county, passed up on the north side of the Chickahominy, a distance of two miles, to Mr. Thomas Christian's residence; but although much fatigued, he did not draw rein. He had now accomplished much in obtaining information as to the location and strength of the Federal army, and was desirous of reaching the Confederate lines with all possible speed, and did not halt his column for rest until he reached the hospitable mansion of Judge Isaac H. Christian, in the vicinage of Charles City Courthouse. Here he and his staff were received in the most cordial manner and entertained in princely style under some lovely shade trees in the yard. After partaking of some refreshments, Stuart and his staff slept for several hours.

About twilight Stuart, after making all necessary arrangements with Colonel Fitz Lee, with whom he left his command at Buckland, the residence of Colonel J. M. Wilcox, with instructions to follow at 11 o'clock that evening, left with Captain R. E. Frayser, his guide, and a courier for the headquarters of General Lee, near Richmond. The distance from Buckland to Richmond is about thirty miles, and the country through which he had to pass lay in the enemy's lines, and the route he took is known as the James River road. While he was liable to capture by scouting parties, he dashed over the road without the least fear. At Rowland's Mill, about six miles from Charles City Courthouse, Stuart drew rein to quaff a cup of strong coffee, a favorite beverage of his, and to rest fifteen minutes or more; then springing in the saddle, he galloped off in the direction of Richmond.

The writer never saw this dashing officer on an inferior horse, although he had been with him on many a long and weary march. As Stuart approached the neighborhood of White Oak Swamp with his guide and courier, he was in great danger of being captured or shot, for it is but a short distance from White Oak Swamp to the road upon which he was traveling at that time, and this was occupied by General Hooker, with his command, who could have intercepted the bold raider without the slightest difficulty had he known of his approach. At this point he had the James very near him on the south and General Hooker on the north in uncomfortable proximity. But this never delayed Stuart a minute in his important mission. He moved rapidly on, and arrived at General R. E. Lee's headquarters before sunrise the following morning.

Before this he had given orders to Captain Frayser to see Governor John Letcher, for whom he had great esteem and admiration,

and to report to him all he had done in making his reconnoissance. Captain Frayser, on his arrival in Richmond, repaired at once to the Executive Mansion; the servant, who met him at the door, informed him his Excellency was in bed and that he could not be seen at such an early hour; that later in the morning, when his toilet was made, he could be seen. Now, Captain Frayser was under orders to report in person without delay, and he insisted on an interview. He told the servant to tell the Governor that a soldier from General Stuart's command was at the door with important dispatches, and desired to see him. When this announcement was made all ceremony was at once waved, and Captain Frayser was soon ushered into the presence of the Governor.

On entering the bed-chamber, Captain Frayser was most agreeably surprised to find an old friend in the person of Dr. John Mayo, a brother of Joseph Mayo, who was Mayor of Richmond for many years, in bed with Governor Letcher. Now, there was much anxiety manifested upon the part of both to hear everything connected with the raid, and nothing short of Frayser's making another raid around McClellan would satisfy them; although he had been in the saddle three days and two nights, he had it all to go over again, and the two listened with the deepest interest to every incident as related and laughed heartily as some daring achievement of Stuart was told them.

When Captain Frayser had hurriedly communicated all that had been done he arose to take leave, when the broken condition of his sabre attracted the attention of the Governor, and after learning how it happened in the raid, he very kindly said to Captain Frayser that if he would call that day, or the next, he would give him an order on the officer in charge of the State Arsenal for a superb one. Now a good sabre is always prized by a cavalryman. The generous impulse which prompted this offer was duly appreciated, and Captain Frayser called and received the order from his Excellency, and made his own selection from a large collection of superior sabres at that time in the arsenal.

This raid was full of exciting incidents, and will never be forgotten by those who participated in it. General Fitz Lee, with whom Stuart had left his command at Buckland, arrived within the Confederate lines in due time with all the prisoners and other captures that had been made on the expedition. This brilliant achievement of Stuart was heralded by the press throughout this country and Europe. The great military genius of this daring leader was

at once recognized by the Confederate authorities by making him Major-General of cavalry, and who subsequently became one among the most distinguished leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia and a great favorite of General R. E. Lee.

How McClellan, with a grand army, allowed Stuart to ride around him with only fifteen hundred cavalry, is a mystery to the writer. In less time than two hours he could have thrown a sufficient number of troops into Tunstall's by the York River railroad to intercept and crush the Confederates. Instead of having five thousand men here he only had the use of one hundred. Again, when Stuart passed into the Confederate lines between White Oak Swamp and the James, McClellan could have closed the only avenue of escape by ordering General Hooker, who occupied White Oak Swamp, the extreme left wing of his army, to extend his lines to the James. This would have closed the doors upon Stuart and he and his whole command would have inevitably been captured or killed. McClellan had been on the Chickahominy but a short time when the raid occurred, and must have been somewhat ignorant of the geography of the country through which Stuart passed, for he could have intercepted him at Tunstall's, and if Stuart had been compelled to retrace his steps from this point by the way of the Old Church, his command would have been in great peril.

But McClellan never acted as if he understood the situation. He was struck so suddenly and with such violence at a vulnerable point that apparently he knew not how to act, and this stunning blow afforded Stuart a golden opportunity to prosecute his foray. If the reader will take a map of the Peninsula and examine it carefully he will at once see the many difficulties the Confederates had to overcome and the great peril to which they were exposed during the reconnaissance. The command, as it passed over the county roads, presented a most formidable appearance, and to persons unaccustomed to witness military displays its strength was estimated at five thousand men.

Stuart on his return to camp at Braxton's, near Richmond, issued the following general orders:

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, June 16, 1862.

General Orders, No. 11.

The General of Cavalry, profoundly grateful to Divine Providence for the signal success attending the late expedition to the

enemy's rear, takes pleasure in announcing in orders his appreciation of the bravery and cheerful endurance of the command. History will record in imperishable characters and a grateful country remember with gratitude that portion of the First, Fourth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the Jeff. Davis Legion, and the section of the Stuart Horse Artillery engaged in the expedition. What was accomplished is known to the public and to the enemy, but the passage of the Chickahominy under existing difficulties furnishes a separate chapter of praise for the whole command.

The General will despair of no enterprise when he can hold such guarantees of success as Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, Martin, with their devoted commands. The loss of the gallant and heroic Captain Latane, leading his squadron and successful charge, was a severe blow to us; but the enemy, routed and flying before him, will bear witness to a heart intrepid and a spirit invincible, whose influence will not be lost after death, while his regiment will want no better battle-cry for victory than "Avenge Latane!" Proud of his command, the General trusts that it will not lose sight of what is at stake in this struggle and the reputation its province to maintain.

By command of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart.

J. T. W. HAIRSTON,
A. A. A. G.

In General Stuart's official report to General R. E. Lee, dated June 17, 1862, he says :

Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit and that the boldness developed in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence. The destination of the expedition was kept a profound secret (so essential to success), and was known to my command only as the actual march developed it.

At Old Church Stuart conferred with his officers as to the expediency of prosecuting the expedition farther. In his report he says :

Here was the turning point of the expedition. Two routes were before me, the one to return by Hanover Courthouse, the other to pass around through New Kent, taking the chances of having to swim the Chickahominy and make a bold effort to cut the enemy's lines

of communication. The Chickahominy was believed by my guides to be fordable near Forge Bridge. I was fourteen miles from Hanover Courthouse, which I would have had to pass if I returned. The enemy had a much shorter distance to pass to intercept me there; besides, the South Anna River was impassable, which still further narrowed the chances of escape in that direction. The enemy, too, would naturally expect me to take that route.

These circumstances led me to look with more favor to my favorite scheme, disclosed to you before starting, of passing around. It was only nine miles to Tunstall's station, on the York River railroad, and that point once passed I felt little apprehension beyond. The route was one of all others which I felt sure the enemy would never expect me to take. On that side of the Chickahominy infantry could not reach me before crossing, and I felt able to whip any cavalry force that could be brought against me. Once on the Charles City side I knew you would, when aware of my position, if necessary, order a diversion in my favor on the Charles City road, to prevent a move to intercept me from the direction of White Oak Swamp. Besides this, the hope of striking a serious blow at a boastful and insolent enemy, which would make him tremble in his shoes, made more agreeable the alternative I chose. In a brief and frank interview with some of my officers I disclosed my views. But while none accorded a full assent, all assured me a hearty support in whatever I did.

In the Richmond *Dispatch* of June 16, 1862, we find the following in reference to this expedition:

"What, then, was the result?" asked we of a wearied, dusty trooper watering his jaded and faithful animal by a roadside spring. "The result?" answered he, proudly, but much exhausted. "The result? We have been in the saddle from Thursday morning until Saturday noon, never breaking rein or breakfast. We have whipped the enemy wherever he dared to appear—never opposing more than equal forces. We have burned two hundred wagons laden with valuable stores, sunk or fired three large transports, captured three hundred horses and mules, lots of arms, etc., brought in one hundred and seventy prisoners, four officers and many negroes, killed and wounded scores of the enemy, pleased Stuart, and had one man killed, poor Captain Latane. This is the result, and three million dollars cannot cover the Federal loss in goods alone."

The names of Lieutenants D. A. Timberlake, Thos. W. Sydnor and

private J. H. Timberlake, of the Fourth Virginia cavalry, deserve to be recorded as having rendered very valuable services as guides and scouts. Captains John Esten Cooke, of General Stuart's staff, and Samuel A. Swan, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, bore themselves with conspicuous gallantry. There was a very large hospital at Talleysville, but Stuart passed it without disturbing the sick and wounded, or taking any of the supplies belonging to it. At Cedar Lane, adjoining this place, the writer was, shortly after the foray, captured and carried to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until the first cartel for the exchange of prisoners, which took place at Aiken's Landing, on James River, in 1862.

The writer cannot close this narrative without saying something in behalf of the heroic Martin and his gallant Mississipians, who gave Stuart their most cordial and unswerving support throughout the entire expedition.

This raid gave General Lee the information he desired, for it disclosed McClellan's position on the Chickahominy, and the advantages derived from it enabled him to strike that terrific blow which resulted so disastrously to the Federal arms in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, driving McClellan to Harrison's Landing, on the James, where he sought refuge under his gunboats, which raised the siege of Richmond and gave the people of that city temporary relief and much encouraged the Confederate forces.

Anecdotes of General R. E. Lee.

By CAPTIAN T. C. MORTON, of the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Battalion.

The recent interesting ceremonies of the unveiling of the Lee statue at Lexington having called forth the recital of several incidents in the life of our grand old chieftain, which had not been before published, the writer recalls one or two which well illustrate the character of the man.

It was in the year of '61, before the Confederacy had learned to appreciate her great leader. General Floyd had fallen back from Sewell Mountain, West Va., before the advancing columns of Rosecrans. Floyd being the ranking Brigadier, ordered Wise to follow him from his camp on Sewell to Meadow Bluff, twelve miles eastward and to the rear. Wise swore he would not retreat another foot, that Little Sewell was the place to make a stand, and positively refusing to obey General Floyd's order, commenced to fortify his

position on the top of Little Sewell Mountain. Floyd reported to General Lee, who was in command of that department, but many miles away, the insubordination of General Wise; meanwhile Rosecrans had reached the top of Big Sewell and also stopping, began to strengthen his position, and with his largely superior force was threatening the annihilation of the Wise Legion.

General Lee, divining at once the serious position of affairs, hurried with his staff rapidly across the country, ordering his other troops to follow. Coming first to Floyd's position, he hastily reconnoitered that and then galloped on twelve miles further to Wise, who stood like a bulldog on the top of Little Sewell, with his 3,000 men, growling at Big Rosecrans not more than half a mile off in an air-line on the opposite mountain.

Lee, with his practiced eye, took in at once the superiority of Wise's position, assumed command, ordered up Floyd and rapidly prepared for the offensive. His troops soon began to come up, and as regiment after regiment, during the next few days, arrived and took position; we saw gathered the largest army we western boys had yet seen in the field. Earthworks were thrown up, batteries placed in position, stringent orders issued against furloughing, and the troops ordered to supply themselves at once with fresh ammunition—(the protracted rain had damaged a great deal of that in the soldiers' cartridge-boxes.)

The writer was directed to take a detachment and go to the ordnance train and secure what was needed for his company. But where to find the ordnance train, was the question. However, impressed with the importance of his mission, he started down the mountain with his men, none of whom had ever yet smelt battle powder. Soon getting down among the strange troops and the long lines of wagons and parks of artillery, the party was completely lost and could only ask every one they met, "Where is the ordnance train?" "Who is the ordnance officer?" &c. At last a soldier passing said, "Yonder is General Lee, he can tell you." The green Lieutenant looked in the direction indicated and saw, not far off, a martial figure, standing in the rain by a log fire before a small tent, with his breeches tucked in his high cavalry boots, his hands behind his back, a high, broad-brimmed black hat, with a gilt cord around it, on his head, which was bowed as if in deep thought. With this idea in his little head, hardly concealed from the observer, "here are two military men well met," the Lieutenant stepped boldly up, saluted, introduced himself, and asked the Gen-

eral to favor him with the information as to who was the ordnance officer and where was the train? The next minute "he wished he hadn't." General Lee quietly eyed his intruder a moment, and I can never forget those eyes, then said:

"I think it very strange, Lieutenant, that an officer of this command, which has been here a week, should come to me, who am just arrived, to ask who his ordnance officer is, and where to find his ammunition. This is in keeping with everything else I find here—no order, no organization; nobody knows where anything is, no one understands his duty; officers and men are equally ignorant. This will not do." Then pointing to a tent and some wagons on a knoll a few hundred yards off, "There you will find what you are looking for, sir, and I hope you will not have to come to me again on such an errand." It is needless to say, that the Lieutenant went, and delayed not his going.

But a few days passed, and the army, now grown to 15,000 or 18,000 men, was in fighting trim. It was evident to any observer that an attack on Rosecrans's entrenched position was contemplated, and the order to "fall in" was expected any hour of the day or night.

While this was the position of affairs, the orderly in charge of our company—a man about fifty years of age, whom patriotism and nothing else had brought as a volunteer into the war—received a letter from his wife. Diphtheria was in the family, one child was dead or dying and others were stricken, and the poor wife begged piteously for her husband to come home. The old Sergeant brought the letter to his Captain, made him read it, and begged him to go to General Lee and get him a furlough. Captain W. said it would be useless, and he could not undertake to ask the General to "go back on his order." Sergeant S. then came with his letter to the writer, and while the tears streamed down his rough cheeks besought him to see General Lee for him. How could I stand there and see an old soldier weep! With the letter in my hand and a vivid recollection of our last interview, I sought the weather-beaten tent in the mountain ravine and found the General sitting on a camp-stool at the door of his tent. With a pleasant nod of recognition he inquired my business. The letter was handed to him. He opened and read it, and as he read the expression of his face softened like unto that of a woman. Handing back the letter he said, "I wish, Lieutenant, I could send your man home to his sick children; but, my dear sir, we all went into this struggle expecting to make sacri-

fices for our country. We are all making sacrifices; your Sergeant must make his. He cannot go now; every man is wanted at his post. Tell him that as soon as the exigencies of this occasion will admit he shall have his leave."

The next night, between midnight and dawn, the wily Rosecrans folded his tents and softly stole away in the darkness; and the rising sun, when it touched with its rays the top of Big Sewell, showed a deserted and silent camp, where the evening before hundreds of white tents had covered the plateau.

Our pursuing cavalry during the day sent back word that the enemy were safe across the swollen river in their rear and the bridge burnt between the two armies. Pursuit was useless. The next day a furlough for Sergeant Skaggs came to company headquarters, and there went home to his stricken family a soldier who never afterwards hesitated to peril his life for his commander or the cause they both espoused.

Report of Conner's South Carolina Brigade at Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864.

By MAJOR JAMES M. GOGGIN.

HEADQUARTERS CONNER'S BRIGADE,
October 31st, 1864.

*Major,—*I have the honor to report that on the 18th instant, at 11:45 P. M., this brigade, in pursuance of orders received during the afternoon, moved from its camp to the turnpike, in rear of Fisher's Hill. Soon after reaching there, the other brigades being put in motion, it fell into the position previously assigned it as the rear brigade of the division, and moved noiselessly and in good order to the north side of Cedar Creek, on the road —, where, just after daybreak, it rapidly formed in line of battle, and pushed forward at once in support of the other brigades of the division, then advancing on the enemy's position. On clearing the dense and tangled woods immediately in our front, and reaching the open, elevated ground occupied by the enemy (understood to be Crook's corps), it was discovered that Bryan's brigade, by a most brilliant dash, had already succeeded in driving them out, and held possession of their first line of works. Without delay the brigade moved up on the left of Bryan's brigade, commanded by Colonel Semmes, and dashed forward across the turnpike, attacking the

second line of works with such fierce vigor and determination that the enemy soon fled in the utmost confusion, leaving in our hands a number of prisoners and four pieces of artillery. From this point the brigade steadily advanced to the left of, and on a line nearly parallel to, the pike, as far as the lane which led into the pike, and passing near a house said to have been the headquarters of the commanding General of the Federal forces. Beyond this lane, some two hundred yards, the enemy had rallied, apparently with the determination of making an effort to check our advance. And as one of my regiments, in consequence of the inequalities of the ground over which we had passed, had become detached, the brigade was halted a few minutes until it could resume its proper place in the line. As soon as this was accomplished, the forward movement was recommenced, the enemy retiring as if panic-stricken, and was continued until we had passed into the woods beyond and to the left of Middletown, when finding that any further advance would expose me to an attack on my left flank, and it being reported to me that the enemy's cavalry were in strong force in the second woods, in front, I moved to the outer edge of the woods, and halted until I could reconnoitre the position.

The Major-General commanding rode up at this time, and by his order the command was moved a half mile to the right in the direction of the turnpike, and the forward movement again resumed. After proceeding some distance, the troops on our right having halted, this brigade was halted also, and my skirmishers, together with those of Bryan's brigade, advanced to clear the woods of a body of the enemy's skirmishers in front of my left, which was handsomely done, when the line again moved forward and occupied a road a half mile distant in advance. Here the Third and Fifteenth regiments, which had been temporarily detached, rejoined us, and were sent to the right to fill up a gap between this brigade and that of Humphreys's. Soon after this the enemy made an attack on Humphreys, which was met by such a heavy fire, so coolly delivered by that brigade and by the right of my own, that they were at once checked and driven back. A repetition of the attack met with a like result, and the firing, for a time, seemed to have ceased along the whole line, but between three and four o'clock it was resumed, and it was soon ascertained that the troops on our left had given way and the enemy threatening our left flank, whilst pressing us in front. In this condition of affairs the command fell back to the position it had previously held, and for one hour and a half kept

the enemy at bay, foiling every direct effort to drive us from it, and it was not until the enemy had passed completely around our left flank and were moving on our rear that the order was given to withdraw. So closely was the enemy pushing us at this time that I found it necessary to move out by the right flank, whilst my skirmishers held them in check in front. After moving sufficiently far to my right to uncover my rear, the command was faced to the right and moved in the direction of the pike at Middletown, with orders to halt on the crest of the hill. Up to this time both officers and men had obeyed with commendable cheerfulness and alacrity all orders, but unfortunately, in moving to the rear, a very high fence was encountered, and in clearing it my line was necessarily broken, and being without a staff officer, or courier, and my horse being shot under me, before it could be reformed a stream of flying fugitives from other commands became so mixed up with my men, infecting the latter with their own fears, that they soon became oblivious of every thing save an earnest desire to leave the enemy as far in the rear as possible. I shall say nothing of the panic and flight that ensued, so much deplored as it is by all.

I cannot, whilst alluding to the shortcomings of this brigade, forbear giving both officers and men that praise which is so justly their due, for the noble display of all the admirable and true qualities of the soldier up to the time the retreat was ordered, and no one who witnessed the advance of the brigade on that day against the different positions of the enemy, will hesitate to bestow upon it unqualified admiration. It would, perhaps, be invidious for me to discriminate or attempt to allot to each and all a due proportion of praise, but I may say that to the commanding officers of each of the organizations I am greatly indebted, not only for prompt obedience of orders, but for skill and gallantry displayed in the handling of their men.

For a full and detailed account of the operations of each command I refer you to the reports herewith enclosed. I am also greatly indebted to Lieutenant S. J. Pope, of the Third South Carolina regiment, acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and to Cadet E. P. Harllee, acting Inspector, for the very efficient aid rendered me during the day, and for a conspicuous display of bravery on every occasion to call it forth. The former was severely wounded, losing an eye, and the latter slightly.

One of my couriers, D'Saussure Burrows, was shot through the head whilst riding by my side. Couriers Crumley and Templeton

also deserve honorable mention for good conduct. Among the killed I cannot forbear making special mention of Captain R. M. Whitner, commanding the battalion of sharp-shooters. He fell whilst gallantly leading his little band in an attack on the enemy's line. He was conspicuous for his cool courage and undaunted bravery. It is a matter of profound regret that the Second regiment is deprived, for a time at least, on account of the loss of a leg, of the services of its commanding officer, Major R. R. Clyburn, whose bravery on this, as on other occasions, is beyond all praise.

Major Todd, commanding the Third regiment, was also severely wounded whilst gallantly leading his men against the enemy's second line of works.

The entire loss of this brigade was as follows:

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Killed.....	6	22
Wounded.....	13	172
Missing.....	6	199
Total.....	25	393

Among the prisoners are Colonel Boykin and Lieutenant-Colonel McMichael, of the Twentieth South Carolina.

I am, Major, very respectfully, &c.,

JAMES M. GOGGIN,
Major Commanding Brigade.

*Major E. L. Costin,
Assistant Adjutant-General Kershaw's Division.*

Notes and Queries.

Did General Lee offer his sword "only to Virginia," in the great "war between the States"?

This is a somewhat popular idea which is intimated in the statements of Governor Anderson, in Colonel Bullitt's paper, in our last number. But the truth is, that while General Lee held his first allegiance as due to his native State, awaited calmly her action before deciding on his own course, and expressed his purpose, on leaving the United States army, of never drawing his sword again save in her defence, yet *the whole Confederacy* had the warm affections and loyal service of this devoted patriot.

The late Vice-President Stephens said that when he was sent to Richmond to induce Virginia, after her secession, to cast in her fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, he found an able, zealous and very influential coadjutor in General Lee.

In his address at the great "Lee Memorial" meeting in Richmond, in November, 1870, President Davis said, among other eloquent utterances: "Here he now sleeps, in the land he loved so well, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service, for the good of his country, and *his heart was as broad as the fifteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776.*"

And those whose privilege it was to hear the great chieftain talk most freely of the cause for which he fought, bear the most emphatic testimony that it was "the independence of the South," "the triumph of constitutional freedom," for which he struggled so nobly. His letters also are filled with expressions which show beyond cavil that R. E. Lee was as loyal to the flag of the Confederacy as to that of his native State—as true to all of the States of the Confederacy as to the one in which he had "a local habitation and a name."

Two Witnesses on Prison Mortality at Elmira.

We should have printed before this the following letter but for the pressure upon our pages:

"FREDERICKSBURG, VA., July 31, 1883.

"Rev. J. William Jones:

"DEAR SIR,—I was captured near Spotsylvania Court-house, Va., May 19th, 1864, and carried to Point Lookout, where I remained until July 4, 1864, when I was transferred to Elmira, New York. While there I was employed in the prison hospital. Dr. E. F. Sanger, Surgeon in charge of the hospital, showed me great kindness, for which I have ever been grateful. During a recent visit to Bangor, Maine, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Doctor, and while conversing with him the subject of the mortality among the prisoners, both North and South, came up. I asked Dr. Sanger whether or not he had a record of the percentage of deaths at the hospital in Elmira. He told me that he had, and kindly allowed me to copy from his journal the following figures:

"Number of prisoners received at Elmira, from July, 1864, to May, 1865, 12,121; transferred, 4,273; released, 4,741; died, 2,933; unaccounted for, 174.' Of this number about twenty escaped from the prison by tunneling under the fence—what became of the others is not known. Thinking that these figures will be of interest to the readers of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, I send them to you to use as you may see fit.

"Very respectfully yours,

"J. S. HUTCHINSON,

"*Pastor M. E. Church, South, Fredericksburg, Va.*

"*(Formerly private Company F, Tenth Regiment Va. Infantry")*.

It will be seen that these figures substantially confirm those in the following extract from a statement made by Hon. A. M. Keiley, of Richmond, Va., and published by us in Vol. I, p. 268 of our *Papers*:

"At Andersonville the mortality averaged a thousand a month out of thirty-six thousand, or *one thirty-sixth*. At Elmira it was three hundred and eighty-six out of nine thousand five hundred, or *one twenty-fifth of the whole*. At Elmira it was four per cent.; at Andersonville less than three per cent. If the mortality at Andersonville had been as great as at Elmira the deaths should have been one thousand four hundred and forty per month, or fifty per cent. more than they were.

"I speak by the card respecting these matters, having kept the morning return of deaths for the last month and a half of my life in Elmira, and transferred the figures to my diary, which lies before me: and this, be it remembered, in a country where food was cheap and abundant; where all the appliances of the remedial art were to be had on mere requisition; where there was no military necessity requiring the government to sacrifice almost every consideration to the inaccessibility of the prison and the securing of the prisoners, and where Nature had furnished every possible requisite for salubrity."

Losses of the Army of the Potomac:

In his oration before the veterans of the Army of the Potomac, at their last reunion, Major Maginnis gave an estimate of losses of this army, which we think can be shown to be greatly below the real figures, but we give his figures as a most eloquent tribute to

the prowess of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the skill of our great commander:

He said: "From May, 1861, to March, 1864, the losses of the Army of the Potomac were, in killed, 15,220; wounded, 65,850; captured, 31,378; in all, 112,448. From May 1, 1864, to April 9, 1865, killed, 12,500; wounded, 69,500; captured or missing, 28,000; aggregate, 110,000. From the beginning to the close of the war, killed, 27,720; wounded, 155,652; captured or missing, 59,378. A grand aggregate of 242,750. Added those who died of gunshot wounds, the number of men who lost their lives in action in the Army of the Potomac was 48,902, probably one-half of all who died from wounds on the field of battle in all the armies of the United States."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY will be held in the State Capitol, at Richmond, on Wednesday October, 31st at 8 o'clock P. M. Father Ryan has promised to deliver the address on the occasion, and an interesting time may be expected.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION will hold its annual reunion in Richmond on the night of November the 1st, 1883. General A. M. Scales of North Carolina, will deliver the address—his subject being "*The Battle of Fredericksburg*"—and the well known character of this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman gives assurance that we shall have something of real interest and historic value. After the address comes the banquet, at which there will be speeches and a good time generally.

RENEWALS would be doubly acceptable just now because we cannot reasonably look for many new subscribers until December. We *need* the money due us, and we beg again that our friends will save themselves and us further trouble by remitting *at once*. And your own remittance will be all the more acceptable if you will induce others to remit along with you. We hope that none of our present subscribers will consent to allow their names to be stricken from our rolls; but, if from any cause, they do not propose to renew, then let them notify us to that effect, and be sure to *return any Papers they have received to which they are not entitled*.

COLONEL H. D. CAPERS IS NOT NOW AN AGENT of the Southern Historical Society, and has not been since May last, and we are in no way responsible for his acts. We deeply regret being forced to make this statement, and hope that we will not be put to the necessity of making it more explicit.

Literary Notices.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. By the COMTE DE PARIS.
Vol. III. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this book, which is beautifully gotten up in the best style of the bookmaker's art.

We have also received (we presume through the courtesy of the distinguished author) a beautiful copy of the French edition of the work so far as completed.

The reviews of the former volumes which we have published have given our readers an idea of the general character of the work. But while reserving for the future a detailed review of this third volume, we must say that the Count has had much richer material with which to write this volume, that he seems to have made a better use of his material, and that it seems to be fairer to the Confederates than its predecessors.

And yet when we come to discuss it in detail (as we hope to do by the pens of some of our most competent military critics), we expect to show that the Count still writes more in the spirit of the partizan than with the calm judgment of the impartial Foreign Historian.

We acknowledge his courteous mention of *Southern Historical Society Papers* and their editor, and only regret that he has not studied more carefully our pages, and made better use of the facts and figures we have given him, and to which we shall hereafter call special attention.

Meantime we advise all interested in such matters to procure the book, that they may see for themselves what this foreign prince has to say of Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, etc.

VIRGINIA HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS. VOL. III. NEW SERIES.
DINWIDDIE PAPERS. VOL. I. 1751-1755. Edited by R. A. BROCK,
Correspondent Secretary, and published by the Virginia Historical Society.

This book (for a copy of which we are indebted to the editor) is a credit to all concerned. The printer (W. Ellis Jones) and the binders (J. W. Randolph & English) have done their work admirably, while Mr. Brock displays his usual taste and historic research in his introduction and in his valuable notes on the text.

It is needless to add that a collection of letters and papers concerning events which transpired during the important and stirring period of colonial history from 1751 to 1755 cannot fail to be of deep interest and permanent historic value, and as these papers are published for the first time from the original MSS. they are only now brought within reach of the historian, and will prove a rich mine in which he can work.

The Virginia Historical Society is indebted to the enlightened liberality of W. W. Corcoran, Esqr., for their possession of these papers and their ability to use them, and they have very properly accompanied the volume with a fine likeness of the great philanthropist, and his autograph letter making the valuable gift.

The few extra copies for sale will, of course, be bought up at once, as no historic collection could be called complete without the "*Dinwiddie Papers*."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER. 1841-1865. By Captain WILLIAM HAMAR PARKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have received, "with the compliments of the author," through West, Johnston & Co., Richmond, this beautifully gotten up book, and have time and space now only to say that a slight dipping into its pages shows conclusively that our gallant Confederate tar knows how to wield a pen as well as how to sail or fight a ship, and has produced a book of rare interest and decided historic value. We mean to give it a careful reading, and shall hereafter copy for our readers some of its good things, such as the account of "The Merrimac and the Monitor," &c.

A BYRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OUR CIVIL WAR. By COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

After reading Colonel Dodge's admirable book on "*Chancellorsville*," we were prepared to find in this new publication a well written, calm, and unusually fair book. We have not been disappointed, and while we are not, of course, prepared to accept all of Colonel Dodge's statements, or to endorse all of his criticisms, we do not hesitate to commend the book most warmly as the work of an able, pains-taking soldier, who has honestly endeavored to ascertain, and frankly to tell the truth about our late war.

We propose hereafter to make copious extracts from Colonel Dodge and to publish a fuller review of his interesting and valuable contribution to a history of the war.

Osgood & Co, have done their part of the work admirably, and have produced a fine specimen of the book-makers' art.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH THE FIFTH CAVALRY. By CAPTAIN GEORGE F. PRICE. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

A narrative of this famous old regiment (formerly the *Second Cavalry*) could not fail to be of interest, and we commend the beautifully gotten up volume as worthy of a place on the shelves of our "War Libraries." But we must express now our regret that the author could not drop the *partisan* and write more in the spirit of the *true soldier*, and our purpose to show up hereafter some of his more glaring perversions of the truth of history.

BROOK FARM TO CEDAR MOUNTAIN, IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION; 1861-1862. By GENERAL GEORGE H. GORDON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We reserve for future review this admirably written and very interesting book which is a part of the series of which the "*Army of Virginia*" and "*A War Diary*" form a continuous history of the war.

General Gordon writes with a free pen, and some of his criticisms on "the blundering stupidity of political managers in Washington, acting upon the colossal incapacity of their favorites in the field," are very rich.

We commend the book as well worth reading and preserving.

THE CENTURY keeps up its high standard of excellence, and the November number contains a very readable paper on the retreat from Richmond, and capture of President Davis, by his private secretary, Burton N. Harrison.